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When We Fit for General Grant"

Boots and Saddles

Manassas

September ~ 1904

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"WHEN WE FIT FOR GENERAL GRANT"

CAPTAIN SAMUEL D. PARKER

WHEN WE FIT FOR GENERAL GRANT"

Light Battery A
Massachusetts Field Artillery

IN THE MANG[illegible]
MANASSAS, VIR[illegible]
SEPTEMBER [illegible]

OF THE BATTERY
CIRCULATION
The Press, Cambridge

"WHEN WE FIT FOR GENERAL GRANT"

Light Battery A
Massachusetts Field Artillery

IN THE MANŒUVRES AT
MANASSAS, VIRGINIA
SEPTEMBER, 1904

PUBLISHED BY THE BATTERY
FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION
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EDITOR'S NOTE

It occurred to the compiler of this volume to undertake the collection of the events of our Manassas tour, so that when our service in the Battery is ended we may live them over by our firesides. He was encouraged to proceed and has done so, although conscious of his unfitness for the task. He is indebted to Lieutenant J. H. Sherburne, Jr., for much of the story, to Corporal Julian I. Chamberlain for the cover design, and to Private Henry R. Hayes and many others for advice and assistance. Doubtless there are many events which he has failed to record, and many that he has recorded are inaccurate; but such as it is he hopes the book will be a pleasant reminder of our days in Virginia.

Roger Dyer Swaim.

March, 1906.

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"WHEN WE FIT FOR GENERAL GRANT"

"WHEN WE FIT FOR GENERAL GRANT"

ORDERS No. 5. } BATTERY "A," LIGHT ARTILLERY,
South Armory, Boston, July 19, 1904.

Concurring with General Orders No. 2, Headquarters Second Brigade M. V. M., the Battery will participate with the regular army in manœuvres to be held at Manassas, Va., from September 5th to 10th inclusive.

On Saturday, August 27th, the Battery will assemble at the Armory at 1.30 P. M., rolls called at 1.45 P. M., and will proceed over the road to the State Camp Ground at Framingham, where it will go into camp until it leaves for Manassas.

SAMUEL D. PARKER,
Captain.

So were set at rest the doubts and rumors that had been long current, and the order was received with enthusiasm, for we had been looking forward to this chance to compare our organization with the real article as to resources and ability to get there.

"WHEN WE FIT FOR GENERAL GRANT"

An unusually large number of men had been discharged by expiration of enlistments and for various other reasons, and as a preliminary to the expected hardships of the Virginia campaign it seemed wise to put in a few days at Framingham, breaking in the horses and initiating the new men into the routine of camp life.

FRAMINGHAM

On Saturday, August 27, at 8.30 A. M., a camp detail of twenty privates and non-commissioned officers, under Sergeant Sherburne, reported at the armory to Lieutenant Sawyer, and proceeded by train and electric car to the state camp-ground at Framingham. The day was hot, and we carried overcoats (rolled horse-collar), haversacks, and canteens, and in our hands our bulky artillery knapsacks containing the full complement of blue shirt, khaki blouse and pants, and "Regal" boots. We were in the thick blue pants of assorted sizes issued by the State, and during the lug from the car to our camping-ground Lieutenant Sawyer's original command "Change hands" was much appreciated.

On arriving at the ground allotted to us (near the northeast gate), the detail was divided into squads and set to work pitching the wall tents, which were found lying beside board floors on either side of a company street. Hot work it was, and the reward of the zealous squad that had its tent up first was to be set at work on officers', guard, or the

marquee tents. Private "Jakey" Reese's "Golly, but it is hot," was often heard. By early afternoon the camp was ready for the Battery proper, which was coming by road. We were then given a discourse by Lieutenant Sawyer on the coming manœuvres.

The rumble of wheels was heard at about eleven o'clock, and the Battery came into camp across the moonlit field. The start had been made from the armory about three o'clock, and the march had been without incident, except Sergeant Chase's ride in front of a car to the rescue of the Third Caisson, which was disputing the right of way. His horse was no match for the car, and was hit by the fender and slightly injured.

Once more in Battery Camp! But a camp where First Call brought us from mattresses on board floors; where, instead of squatting by our tin plates in the broiling sun, we ate in luxury (Hats off!) in the shady mess-hall, and where Private Shattuck could sleep in peace without fear of being awakened to join Sergeant Lamson's slave-gang of drivers. The horses were quartered in the stables, and stable duty was performed by a motley crew of hirelings.

Sunday morning was spent in entraining on imaginary cars, staked out on the drill

ground, realistic enough except for the actual labor. Later the non-commissioned officers were given a sighting drill, and considerable rivalry was stirred up between the Sections. The "Fifth Section" — Corporals Stanwood and Snelling commanding — took a prominent part in the game, and it was afterward rumored that they had been practicing with the stove-pipe.

In the afternoon barrels of tent-pegs and "fishing-poles" and bundles of canvas "underclothes" were produced. Then in extended order we wore our nails to the quick, buttoning up and setting up the pup-tents, to be told that we must do it quicker and to take them down and try again.

Monday morning Lieutenant Sawyer (in rubber boots) marched us out in the wet grass and put us through enlivening setting-up exercises, the first and fortunately the last of their kind. Then those excused on account of business affairs departed for town, and the rest of us spent the day in sighting-practice and drivers' drills. Late in the afternoon when the business men returned, to our delight bringing good things to eat and drink with them, we were ordered out for another mounted drill, and practiced the movement of "prepare for action." During the evening a deep-

laid plot culminated in the loss of Corporal Chamberlain's goatee. Then we fell asleep, with the strains of "By God, she was a Lulu," duet by Corporal Wolcott and Private Saunders, ringing in our ears.

Camp was broken at half past four o'clock Tuesday morning, August 30, and leaving a detail under Lieutenant Blake, to strike tents and follow by train, we marched over the road to the Park Riding School, Boston, which was reached after an easy march at eleven o'clock. The pieces and caissons were parked in the ring and the horses quartered in the stable, and after Private Raymond had finally got all his kit, we rode to the armory in special electric cars, to find the camp-squad awaiting us. We were dismissed at half past twelve, with orders to report the next morning at a quarter past six, and adjourned to the Victoria.

OFF FOR MANASSAS

WEDNESDAY morning, August 31, we fell in at the appointed time, after a run on the boiled eggs at the Victoria, and the usual hurried change from civilian dress to uniform, and were taken by electric cars to the riding school. The horses were quickly harnessed, and the start made at eight o'clock for the South Boston Freight Yards. There we entrained, in one hour and fifteen minutes, the pieces, caissons, and wagons on flat cars, according to the method used in our former journeys to the Cape, and the horses in freight cars fitted with stalls, leaving an open space in the centre of each car, where were put the water-barrel, the oats, and two unfortunate drivers. The officers and men were in two ordinary day-passenger coaches, three men allotted to each two seats.

The train started at eleven o'clock, and we settled down for our seventeen-and-a-half-hour ride. Many played cards; some non-coms., who expected examination for promotion, studied the Drill Regulations; but the devil only knows what the drivers imprisoned

in the stock-cars did. Their appearance, when released, led us to suppose they had been put through some process intended to make fertilizer out of oatmeal and manure. Generally they brought back some other fellow's overcoat, the loss of which had caused endless search, and the recovery of which, in its then condition, brought little joy to the owner.

Thanks to "Uncle" Dick Weld, our quartermaster-sergeant, and his able assistants, Corporal Eben Stanwood and Cook George Lindsay, we were not hungry. A stove had been set up in the end of the baggage-car, and every now and then "Uncle" Dick, Eben, or George distributed rations of beans or of a magnificent concoction afterwards known as Manassas hash, from wash-boilers carried through the car. Behind them filed the unfortunate kitchen-detail bearing bottles of ketchup, cans of coffee, dishwater, and dishrags. Then we tasted the first hard-tack and tried to learn to eat it, softening it in our milkless coffee.

About five o'clock we arrived in Harlem. The passenger-coaches were left behind, and the stock and flat cars loaded on "The City of Maryland;" and with Eben as self-appointed pilot on the bow we were ferried around to Jersey City. After a long delay

MESSTIME

THE BATTERY STREET

there, while the captain persuaded the Pennsylvania Railroad to give us a third passenger car, we started southward about dusk. The night was spent on improvised bunks, constructed by laying cushions crosswise between two seats according to systems devised by each man and his bunkie. The man who shared Corporal Bancroft's bunk wished that Guy's shoulders were not so broad.

We awoke, or rather arose, as the train was pulling into Manassas about half past five Thursday morning, September 1; and, after being jolted and jerked over switches, detrained on a spur track near the road from Manassas to Newmarket, and breakfasted on coffee and hardtack beside the track. We found ourselves in the midst of supply tents and sutlers' shanties. Everywhere were soldiers and teamsters.

The offer of transportation for our luggage to camp was declined, to the surprise of some regulars, who had never before heard of a militia organization which camped without bedsacks and could carry all its own outfit, and we took our first march on Virginia soil. Our road ran toward Newmarket Cross-roads, through the main part of Camp Number One, then occupied only by the regular troops. Just south of the cross-roads we turned off

to the right, passed the camps of the 27th and 23d Batteries (the "regulars") and came to the ground allotted to us. This was about two miles from where we detrained, and a third of a mile east of the cross-roads on the south side of the road to Ball's Ford. On the west of us were the 27th and 23d Batteries, who had marched down from Fort Ethan Allen in Vermont; on the east a cart-road and ditch, and then slightly rising ground later occupied by "A" Battery of Virginia, christened "Sergeant Pointdexter's Own" and the "On-Hitch Battery," and beyond that Mr. Hayden's white house and farm buildings, famous for watermelons, corn-whiskey, and Mr. Hayden's beautiful daughters (attest Private Schweppe and "Hostler" Bullard).

On the south, beyond the well-known spot where so many of us toiled under Lieutenant Cummin or Sergeant Little, an open field sloped away to a ravine filled with brush, beyond which was a rise, later occupied by the 2d Connecticut Infantry.

Our officers' tents were pitched across a cart-road on the north, facing south, and separated from the rest of our camp by the remains of a fence and straggling trees. Then came the commissary and cook tents, where Uncle Dick was prepared to furnish every-

thing from matches to buttons, and the "top" sergeant's tent; then the buglers', and then the four section Sibleys in order, extending in a line southward opening to the west. Last of all came the guard tent, just on the edge of the path traversed twice a day by every officer east of the Mississippi, so that the guard was always being turned out because the corporal thought he recognized a general. The picket line ran north and south between us and the 23d, and beyond that the guns were parked next to that camp. The hospital tent, which was later designated as the battalion hospital, with Lieutenant Cummin as battalion surgeon, was on a slight rise south of the park. The bathing tents for all the batteries, where Lieutenant Cummin's commands were obeyed, were pitched between us and the Virginians. Water was supplied by a pipe line which ran through the camp, with a faucet at the cook tent and showers at the bathing tents.

By eleven o'clock our camp was in order, and we entertained and were entertained by the regulars, who took post in each tent, taught us the rudiments of the language, and regaled us with stories of their deviltry. Private "Monty" Smith then contracted such an affection for them that whenever he was

thereafter missing it was a safe bet that he was visiting the regulars. We got some very valuable pointers in handling the guns from them, and altogether became so chummy with them that an interchange of tobacco and colors during the following winter was necessary to give expression to our feelings.

Late in the afternoon our only rainstorm showed us the color of Virginia mud.

During this first day we continued to subsist on the "travel-rations," owing to the major being asleep and our fear of arousing more than the major, should we disturb him.

It appeared that we should have to pay for forage for our horses. The wealth betokened by the battery-checks presented for payment (they were afterwards returned and forage supplied us) caused surprise in the quartermaster's department, and gave rise to the newspaper story of the millionaire private, which has no foundation of truth.

Some of us, though recalling with relish the corned-beef hash and famous bread-puddings of Uncle Dick Weld's own receipt, can hardly believe, when we remember the "Only one help," "No repeaters" and other running comments of Eben as he dispensed the rations, that we were daily receiving—

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT WELD AT HOME

UNAUTHORIZED RATIONS

78½ lbs. beef,	39 lbs. coffee,
100 loaves bread,	110 lbs. bacon,
12 lbs. rice,	76 lbs. onions,
97 lbs. sugar,	322 lbs. potatoes,
55 lbs. beans,	1¼ lbs. pepper,
24 2-lb. cans jam,	50 lbs. ice.
19 lbs. salt.	

Under the regulations, we were drawing rations for eighty-one men; but with the officers' servants, and men who had been on furlough when the requisition was made, we actually numbered during the greater part of the time ninety-three, and were forced to buy some provisions on our own account. We were, however, promptly supplied with our regular rations at the depot, and can only complain that our stomachs were used to more than the army-ration.

PREPARATION

FRIDAY, September 2, Lieutenant Cummin chronicles as clear and warmer.

In the morning we were ordered out for mounted drill in the field by the Ball's Ford Road, and again practiced "Prepare for action." Incidentally we did a great deal of moving the guns by hand to the front up the slope of the hill to aim over into a valley beyond. The shower-bath saved our lives on our return, as it did many times during the campaign. The rest of the day was spent in camp. Watermelons made their appearance, and Bullard never quite conquered his fondness for them or his love of teasing "Bry" (Private Owen Bryant), who, however, escaped by going on bug-hunting expeditions. Schweppe's horse-trades, that never came off, also furnished amusement and much running of local thoroughbreds in the battery street.

Saturday, September 3, is memorable for a hot practice march, when to ease the horses we sat on the chests, faced to the rear and to our discomfort. The Battery was then short of single-mounts, owing to the default of the

contractor, and the caisson-corporals were forced to ride on the middle-chests of the caissons. Later a motley assortment was procured, among which Sergeant Patten's yellow broncho was conspicuous. Of those loaned us by the cavalry, Privates Wigglesworth and Goodwin remember with affection the small black assigned to the orderly.

During the afternoon the Captain took the non-coms. on a ride over the country around Gainesville. Some of us recall the pail of milk, our only milk, passed around in a barnyard where we stopped to water our horses, after the captain had gone.

Sunday, September 4, several of us chartered mules and planned to visit the New York Squadron camp, but were forbidden and told that it was undignified. Thereupon, Uncle Dick, accompanied by the ever faithful Eben, mounted one of them, as appears in the photograph commemorating the event.

Late in the afternoon, Sergeant Patten, who had been absent on his honeymoon in Europe, arrived, minus his mustache and very plump and clean.

In the dark of the evening the "On-Hitch Battery" arrived. It was rumored that this was the first time that it had been horsed, and the Battery to a man turned out to see them

come into camp. They came along the road by our officers' tents and had to make a sharp turn to the right through a gate, which bears the marks of their wheels to this day; then a sharp turn to the left across a bridge over the ditch. They arrived, our men lighting the way with lanterns and leading their horses, after breaking a pole, dragging one carriage through the ditch, and smashing the water-pipe. One was heard to remark, "I say, captain, how do I onhitch?" Finally they were unharnessed and provided with provisions, till their voluminous baggage could be brought over in the morning.

Monday, September 5, was cloudy and warm. We were still in the heavy blue pants issued us; and when the order came, in the afternoon, to change to khaki, a shout of joy ran through the camp. Then followed the order to pack the blankets and prepare to move on short notice, as the manœuvres were to commence at midnight. Night came on even damper and colder than usual, and, as our overcoats could not be made to go under and over and cover us entirely, our legs were generally out in the cold. Some who did n't mind the odor wrapped themselves in their saddle-blankets; but with the expectation of a call at midnight, we were wretched enough.

OUR BATTERY
THE ARTILLERY CAMP FROM THE SOUTH

UNCLE DICK AND EBEN

FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST MANŒUVRE

REVEILLE sounded at three o'clock, we breakfasted at 3.30, and at 5.15, leaving Corporals Wolcott and Chamberlain in charge of the camp guard, we moved out into the main road, under orders to proceed under Major Gayle to a position on an open hill-top adjoining the Confederate Cemetery at Groveton on the west, and nearly at the corner of the Warrenton Pike and the road to Sudley Mill. We marched past the Chinn House, forded Young's Branch, and turned west on the Warrenton Pike. Our position was reached at a quarter past six, and the teams were drawn up on the hill-top, remaining harnessed. There we waited all day, forbidden to smoke near the chests, lest we blow ourselves up, and watching the troops march past on their way to the front. Sergeant Sherburne occasionally discovered the enemy in our vicinity, but no orders came, and we were weary of waiting. At three in the afternoon the recall sounded; we consumed the luncheon which our expectation of moving had

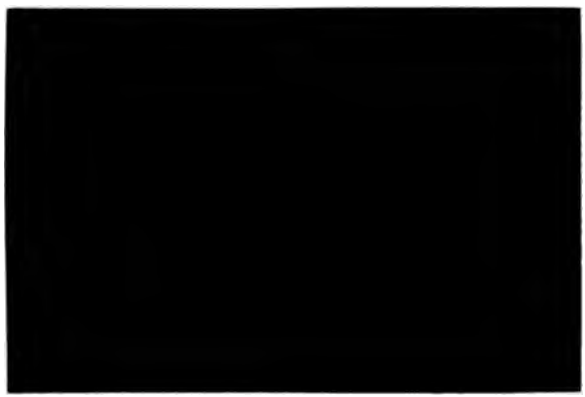
delayed and pitched our pup-tents for the night.

Around us the other troops were in camp, the Virginia Battery on the south, a cavalry troop on the west, and down by Groveton corner a large body of infantry with a squad of Brown prisoners. One of the Virginia horses bit a chunk out of his mate's neck at this time, and Dr. Foster of "Bonaparte" fame sewed it in again.

After Corporal Lemon and the wagon had brought us a welcome supper from camp we turned in for the night. But George Lindsay had built a roaring camp fire, and some of us sat late around it, listening to his stories.

SECOND DAY OF THE FIRST MANŒUVRE

ORDERS came, just before midnight, to report to General Frost at half past two in the morning of Wednesday, September 7. We were turned out at once and the puzzle picture



"Find your horses and find your harness" ensued.

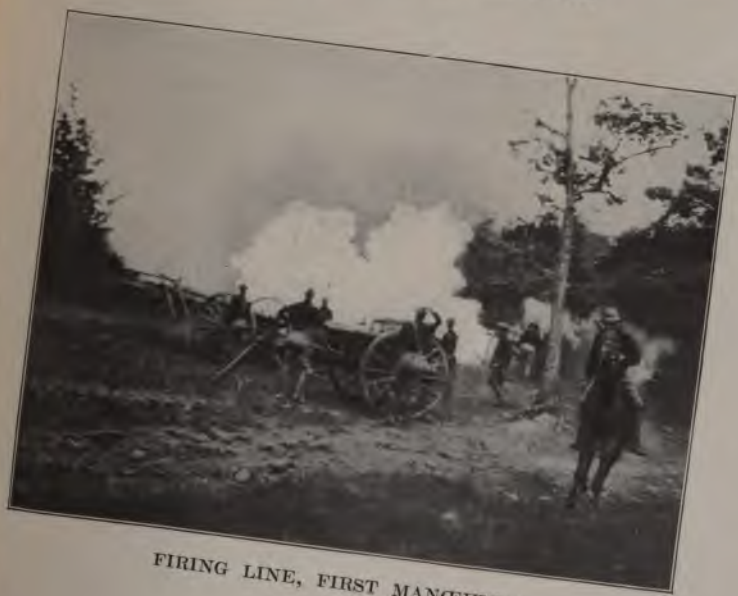
We were on the move at half past two. The Virginians were still in camp, but the infantry were preparing to move, and camp fires

were blazing, surrounded by hundreds of men, while over all hung thick smoke.

Without serious mishap we turned the difficult corner of the deep-cut road at Groveton and proceeded toward Sudley Mill, part of a column pressing to the front. Presently we turned off to the left and through a narrow wooded road, winding in and out between stumps, each carriage guided by a cannoneer on foot carrying a lantern. Here Private "Zip" Canterbury, dozing on a caisson-chest, was awakened by a bearded officer, who rode up behind and demanded room to pass, and advised him in impressive language, if he cared to save his neck, to choose another road. His advice was followed.

Coming out of this, we were halted for a time in the mist before dawn in a field by a fence corner, and then proceeded across country, crossing Catharpin Run and Lick Branch, a deep dry gully where the pole of the Third Caisson jumped out of the yoke ring and caused a slight delay, and where Corporal Rousmaniere was caught on the axle-seat of the Second Piece, while trying to set the brake, and given a jolting. Then we passed Catharpin on a good road once more, but shortly left this and went across country under orders to report to General Wint, who was

ON THE MARCH TO THE FRONT



FIRING LINE, FIRST MANŒUVRE

in advance of General Frost. Next we crossed the road from Haymarket to Woolsey, near Janney's house, and proceeded through his barnyard, then through standing corn to a wood road near Fletcher's house. As we proceeded, the infantry were deploying on all sides, and a troop of our cavalry was seen on the road.

Preceding the regular batteries, we turned to the left on this road, and had advanced but a short distance when the enemy's infantry was seen through the trees which fringed the road on our right and concealed us. They were across a field on the edge of some timber, at about eight hundred yards range. We wanted orders to come into action, but not getting any, kept pushing south until we had almost reached the enemy's lines. Then we got a sharp order to face about and go into action on the right of the 27th and 23d, which at that moment opened fire. It was a narrow, deep-cut road and directly in rear of twelve guns burning black powder with all possible speed; but our horses met the situation like veterans, and after a few moments of seeming confusion we were in position, the guns run by hand to the front and beautifully masked by a fence and trees, the caisson-chests in position behind them, and the horses and limbers

concealed in the woods. During the execution of this movement the orderly's horse, Private Wigglesworth up, had one of his tantrums and reared and fell backward — a realistic battlefield picture.

An energetic fire was at once opened. We had the best position of the sixteen guns, with an enfilading fire at ranges of 500, 600, and 800 yards, canister and shrapnel. Seventeen rounds of canister and shrapnel were fired, in the eight minutes before the umpires stopped us and compared notes. Lieutenant Cummin and Sergeant Little then attended to our dead and wounded. Two men had been "killed" and three "wounded;" Bugler Purcell, a gunshot flesh wound in the right hip; Private Jones, a compound fracture of the right arm with hemorrhage (he had also torn his trousers), and Private Raymond, a compound fracture of the radium of the left forearm. The dead were never found; and, as the ambulance corps failed to put in its expected appearance, owing to the necessity of caring for exhausted doughboys, our wounded bravely returned to the firing line.

We were then startled by the invasion of a band of gaudy foreign military attachés who rode single file through the woods, then by General Corbin, who, accompanied by

SECOND PIECE IN THE FIRST MANŒUVRE

THIRD PIECE IN THE FIRST MANŒUVRE

ladies, rode down the line, not on a charger, but in a white steamer.

Firing was resumed again and interrupted again for conferences, and in the lull, sandwiches and sweet chocolate were sparingly distributed from the chests. Then appeared Guidon-Corporal Snelling, who reported that after having been delayed at Groveton helping Dr. Foster revive the umpire's horse (with rum), and while trying to rejoin the Battery, he got lost, and falling in with General Grant, was detailed by him as orderly to a major of engineers to help round up doughboy stragglers.

About noon the manœuvres were called off. We had pierced the enemy's lines, the equivalent of victory, for the problem had been for General Bell with the "Browns" to defend Thoroughfare Gap from General Grant's advance.

General Bell, in spite of his repulse of General Grant's attack on Tuesday, had, on Wednesday, fallen back and established his defensive line from Buckland on the south through Thoroughfare, east of the Gap, to Antioch, on the extreme north. Colonel James Regan with the Third Brigade, composed of four companies of the 9th Infantry, the 1st Maryland, 9th Massachusetts, 2d New York,

and 3d Tennessee Infantry, held the part of this line between Thoroughfare and Little Bull Run. On this brigade the fire of sixteen guns, ours and the two regular batteries, was concentrated, while General Wint attacked with Price's Brigade of the Blues, and the battle was won on the ground that the Browns had been under our fire while forming and that our attack had penetrated their line. To quote from the reports: "His [General Grant's] artillery was excellently placed and played for a full hour on the Brown line." Speaking again of the failure to mass artillery, Colonel Wagner says: "A notable and praiseworthy exception was found in the massing of sixteen guns as a preparation for Wint's attack on the second day of the first manœuvre."

We can congratulate ourselves on being at the turning point in this manœuvre; we were at the turned point in the second.

On the march home, we turned southward, and soon found ourselves on the dusty Antioch road, already crowded with infantry, and proceeded through Haymarket and Gainesville, Corbin's headquarters, and on the Warrenton Pike to Pageland Lane, where we turned off to the right and proceeded to our camp. A dusty, long march it was, broken

DUST

RETURNING FROM THE FIRST MANŒUVRE

by occasional halts, drawn out to one side, and enlivened only by our efforts to keep the weary doughboys off the inviting axle-seats, and, for the Third Caisson, by the antics of the nigh leader ridden by Private Fish. This noble horse, who smelled the conflict from afar, had early become much excited, and had gone into action with a cooling sponge as a bonnet. Now, lest he exhaust his energies in his humble station, he was taken out and Corporal Swaim's mount substituted. After that, he could find peace of mind only with his nose on the off wheel of the preceding carriage, and in that position managed to overbalance the timbers of a small bridge so that Lieutenant Sawyer, who was alongside, escaped a fall only by the timely leap of his horse over the flying beams.

Camp was reached late in the afternoon, and the evening was spent in recuperating and removing the stains of conflict (with the dust).

SECOND MANŒUVRE — SUDLEY MOUNTAIN

On Thursday morning, September 8, after a good night's rest, in which the deficiencies of sleep of the two previous nights were partly made up, the battery was ordered to report to General Bliss, and about nine pulled out of camp, leaving Corporals Nazro and Swaim behind with a camp guard.

This was the first day of the second battle, wherein the Browns were to make the attack, it being assumed that they had a much superior force and were aiming to separate us from a large imaginary force of Blues advancing from Washington, and destroy us before we could make a junction with this force. The Blue army was therefore to act upon the defensive entirely.

The Battery proceeded to Groveton by wood roads, then, to its dismay, turned up the Warrenton road towards its position of inaction on the first day of the first battle. But before it reached the ill-omened spot, orders came to turn about, and it marched back again to Groveton, then turned up the road

toward Sudley Springs. At the turn, — one that had been negotiated without mishap in the darkness thirty hours before, — and in full view of all the foreign attachés who were assembled at the cross roads, Corporal Wolcott's caisson cramped its wheels and nearly tipped over. The cannoneers unlimbered, and after things were straightened out the Battery proceeded northward along the Sudley Springs road for about a mile, then westward along a wood road for another mile, to the top of a ridge called Sudley Mountain, coming finally to a clearing near Caton's house. This clearing was at the top of a considerable rise, the ground sloping away to the north and west, and commanded the valley of Catharpin Run. In the distance could be seen several clouds of heavy dust hanging over the trees, denoting the advance of large bodies of the enemy. The Battery was at once brought into action, but almost immediately the order came to limber, and to change front at a gallop. This movement was executed with great precision by all except the Second Piece, which was delayed somewhat because of a difference its wheel-driver, Whiteside, had with the four-foot stump of a defunct forest monarch.

The Battery galloped across the flat top

of the hill, and came into action on the southwest side of the hill near Robinson's house, being masked by a snake fence and a cornfield. From here the battery commanded an area of open country to the west and southwest. The slope fell abruptly to a branch of Catharpin Run on the west, and more gradually to the Warrenton Pike on the south, the whole valley being bounded by a line of high timber, some 2000 yards away, which ran southward across the turnpike to a hill a mile and a half away. The Battery had hardly taken position when a cloud of Brown skirmishers was seen along the Warrenton Turnpike. The guns at once opened fire at a range of 2300 yards, and the enemy retired. Then the 27th regular battery came up, took position some 500 yards nearer the pike, and opened fire.

A careful watch was kept upon the woods to the westward meanwhile. It was now about half past one o'clock, and the enemy was expected to develop in force immediately if at all. A close scrutiny of the woods disclosed the glint of accoutrements, and it was soon seen that a large body of the enemy was working northward along the edge of the woods, concealed, as they thought, by the trees. The Battery at once opened a sustained

APPROACHING GAINESVILLE ON THE RETURN FROM THE FIRST MANŒUVRE

POSITION ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE SECOND MANŒUVRE

fire upon them at about 1500 yards' range, with great execution.

One or two detachments of the enemy, each about a regiment, apparently, came out of the woods and rushed for small clumps of trees and bushes nearer Catharpin Run, but the strength of the Blue position evidently checked the idea of an assault, for the enemy did not emerge from the woods, and there was no change in the relative positions of the forces before three o'clock, when the nine-hours' truce began.

It developed subsequently that these Brown troops in the woods constituted a very large part of General Bell's whole force, and that he himself was with them. It is said that General Bell was much annoyed at the continuous fire upon troops he considered concealed, and was amazed on being told by the umpire that the Massachusetts Battery had his range, and had inflicted severe loss upon him.

At three o'clock the Battery parked in a ploughed field near at hand, pup-tents were pitched, Lieutenant Blake dispatched to bring up the wagon with rations, and the men allowed to rest. Some went for a bath in the shallow pools of Catharpin Run, and some walked over to the railway embankment, a few hundred yards away, which had been the

turning point in the second battle of Manassas. Lieutenant Blake and the wagon did not arrive until almost dark, having wandered considerably on the way; they came into camp with a tale that the Battery was almost surrounded. After supper, one of George's best, the men turned in, for they knew that there would not be much rest that night. A few, however, went to the edge of the hill, and there below in the plain across Catharpin Run were more than a hundred of the enemy's camp fires, showing the presence of five or six thousand of the enemy not half a mile from our camp. The officers of the New York regiment, which lay in the woods on the edge of the hill and between us and the enemy, were in a state of great excitement, being stirred by the tales of their outposts that the enemy was breaking the truce and moving up closer. One major was bent upon calling in his outposts and making a run for it, and it was with great difficulty that Private "Monty" Smith made him see that it was his duty to stay until the Battery had got away.

Sergeant Weld and Corporal Lemon were ordered to get the wagon home lest it be captured when hostilities commenced. Preceding it on foot with a lantern and accompanied

by Privates Lincoln Bryant and Thorndike, who were on the sick list, Dick took it safely home through sentries who inquired by way of challenge, "Say, boss, whose outfit is that?"

At 10.30 P. M. came the order to harness and strike camp, which were done with quietness and great dispatch. Then the Battery waited for the stroke of midnight. Suppressed excitement was running high. Rumors had come from the regiments near that the Brown forces had penetrated our line on the north and south; that we were nearly surrounded and could hardly escape capture. As it neared twelve, the New York regiment started out for the rear, leaving no one between us and the enemy.

At the moment of twelve the order came to move out, and after making a detour along a rough wood-road through dense forest, where the only light came from the lanterns carried by each chief of carriage, we came into the road we had come up in the morning, followed that to the Sudley Springs-Groveton road, and then turned up the latter toward Sudley Springs. The night was dark, the going bad, and an attack seemed imminent every moment. Every wood seemed a likely ambuscade, and to add to the excitement Orderly Goodwin rode frantically down

the line with a lantern, calling, "Stop him! Stop him!" then rode equally madly back without the lantern. It was supposed that a spy had been discovered at the least, but Goodwin's horse had merely run away. From the regiment in rear came orders to hurry, as we were impeding them; from the regiment in front came word that they could go no faster, and from the general came orders to push forward as fast as possible. Finally, about 1.30 A. M., the Battery splashed across Bull Run at Sudley Ford, and went into park in a field a short distance from the ford. There four "paulins" were laid on the ground, each covered by another, and the men put to bed between the two. The dampness from the river made it very cold, and no overcoats had been brought. The "paulins" offered scant protection from the hoofs of several wandering horses, and the time of rest was not a happy one to many.

THIRD PIECE IN THE CORN AT BATTLE OF SUDLEY MOUNTAIN
SECOND MANŒUVRE

SECOND MANŒUVRE — POPLAR FORD

AT the first break of dawn, about 4.30 A. M., with mist from the river obscuring everything, the Battery assembled and moved out again. We were put into position near Sudley Mansion, on a little bluff overlooking Sudley Ford, but were at once withdrawn from there, and marched a mile or more eastward by a road running along Bull Run, — the road over which the Union troops advanced in the night preceding the first battle of Bull Run, — to Poplar Ford. Here an aide galloped up, and ordered the Battery to come into action where the ford and the road over which we had come could be protected.

Below the ford some five hundred yards stood the Kendall house. The strategical importance of the house being recognized, — it being upon the highest ground in the vicinity, so that from it the ford and two roads from Sudley could be covered, — the Battery was at once brought into action around it.

It was a typical Virginian farmhouse, in better condition than the average, perhaps.

On the south of the house was an area which had apparently been a flower garden, inclosed by a fence on three sides, and by the house on the fourth; here Sergeant Whittier's gun was brought into action and completely masked by the fence and shrubbery. This gun had a clear range upstream nearly to Sudley, and overlooked the ford.

A rough cartroad ran north and south along the east side of the house; on the other side of this road was an open field, sloping towards the river, then to the north a cornfield. The guns of Sergeants Patten and Chase were brought into action on the east of the house on the crest of the hill, commanding the ford some five hundred yards away, and the woods beyond.

On the north side of the house and attached to it was the farm barn; the road was inclosed here by two gates, one at each end of the barn, forming a sort of barnyard. It then ran between an open field on the west and the cornfield on its east to another gate some two hundred yards away. As the flank of the position was exposed from the north, no infantry support having been posted on that side, Sergeant Sherburne's gun was brought into action on the east of the farm barn, and some twenty or thirty yards west of the road,

having a clear range upstream as far as Sudley Springs and commanding the north flank, the gun being masked by a slight rise of ground in its front, and by rosebushes, and other valuable shrubs cut by Private Smith from the garden, about its wheels.

Hardly had these dispositions been made when the sound of firing was heard in the direction of Sudley Springs, and the Brown forces could be made out, in the grass and low bushes bordering the river, attacking the extreme advance post of our army, a militia regiment intrenched nearly opposite Sudley Ford. After a short engagement the Blues were defeated and retired, the Browns crossing the river in large forces. Sergeant Sherburne's gun was the only one which commanded the Browns at the time, and as soon as the range was cleared of friendly troops it opened a sustained fire at a range of 2700 yards and less upon the enemy, who advanced across the low, marshy ground, crossed the river, and continued along its left bank apparently unshaken.

At about the same time that these developments were taking place a force of Browns debouched from the woods about one thousand yards upstream from the ford, and advanced toward the ford across the open

swamp on the right bank of the river. All four guns at once opened upon them and apparently disconcerted them, for their advance was checked.

Meanwhile a force of cavalry had been creeping up on the northern road, near the woods, and screened from fire by a slight rise in the ground. Sergeant Sherburne's gun opened on them with shrapnel at 1700 yards, then fired a round of canister at 700 yards as they came into view over a rise. Then, seeing that the cavalry were going to attempt to flank the position, Sergeant Sherburne had his gun run back up the hill, to the road running north, and placed it a short distance in front of the gate leading from the farmyard, commanding the advance from Sudley and the point where the road came through the fence on the northerly side of the open field, the only possible approach for cavalry. A company of New York troops, being warned of the probable attack, ran up the road to this fence, and disposed themselves along it on each side of the road. Beyond the fence the ground rose slightly, then dipped away toward the north so that the enemy was screened from observation.

Suddenly two troops of cavalry galloped over this rise, and came down to the east of

the cornfield and in our rear, halting on the other side of a steep gully not two hundred yards away from our position.

Sergeants Patten and Chase whirled their guns about, and each fired charges of canister at the cavalry. Sergeant Sherburne also fired a round of canister at them over the fence and through the corn. This was a mere reconnaissance, and having established our position, the cavalry turned about and disappeared at full gallop back over the rise.

They were hardly out of sight when a large body of cavalry appeared galloping down the road toward the house in columns of fours. The New York company opened fire from the fence, and Sergeant Sherburne opened with canister, but they kept on; another round of canister, and they were at the gate; a wave of the hand of the white-capped umpire to the New York troops, their guns reversed in token of surrender, and the cavalry swept through the narrow opening at full gallop down upon Sergeant Sherburne's gun. Another charge of canister, which would have filled the gate with men and horses and blocked all further advance, — still the cavalry came on with wild yells and shooting their revolvers. They swung away from the muzzle, expecting another shot, which was ready;

but the umpire raised his hand, the cavalry halted, and the lanyard was thrown back.

Our good little white-cap, who was standing by the gun, at once ruled the cavalry out of action. The cavalry umpire cried, "Battery captured." Our umpire protested, but the cavalryman, who was the senior, ruled him down, and is said to have shouted "Come on, boys, and eat up some more of them." Sergeant Sherburne invited a cavalry captain to go back and try it over again in earnest, but the captain declined with thanks.

Then the cavalry, two battalions of the 7th Regulars, the New York Troop and the Maryland Troop, marched through the gate and turned off to our rear round the end of a gully and came down in rear of the riflepits on the opposite side, and ate up those doughboys in proper style, and then on down the line, flanking each position. Our guidon was mournfully furled in token of capture, — and we had breakfast. A swarm of infantry now began to pour in, the 9th Regulars first, then the 9th Massachusetts, utterly exhausted from a march of eight miles without halt, and having had nothing to eat since the night before; then many other regiments, with General Bell himself. They swept on to the southeast, toward the stone bridge and the

main force of the Blue army, with wistful glances behind at the Battery comfortably resting and eating breakfast. Then word came that hostilities were suspended, and the Battery started back for camp by the way of Ball's Ford, arriving there in time for dinner.

General Bell's main attack was this flanking movement, which had swept over the battery. General Grant's line extended southward along Bull Run, and elsewhere the fighting was only for the purpose of screening this. That the Blue flank was crumpled up cannot be denied, for the forces against it were much superior, and it was disposed in such a way that one body after another was opposed to the attack. The part played by the Brown cavalry was beyond even the wildest dream of a cavalryman of that arm's use and power. To gallop four abreast through a gate two hundred yards or less from a gun shooting canister, to ride over the gun, and then proceed to ride over battalion after battalion of intrenched infantry unshaken by combat, would be a feat impossible for ten times the force. That the Battery would have been captured ultimately, had it held its position, there can be no doubt. Several regiments were approaching, and the Battery had no infantry protection that would have

availed. The cavalry might well have captured it had they dismounted and opened fire with their carbines; the company of infantry would have been small protection, and they could have picked off Sergeant Sherburne's cannoneers at will. But to advance by fours through a gate in a fence in face of point-blank canister fire would have been a very quick road to annihilation. Our umpire protested the ruling of the Brown umpire, and his protest was sustained by the senior Blue umpire. It seems, therefore, that the Battery may well disclaim the stigma of capture, although the capture of well-served guns is no disgrace; and both infantry and cavalry would have borne evidence as to the service of the guns, it is believed, had there been more than black powder in them.

THE PURSUITS OF PEACE

DURING the afternoon, after the battle of Poplar Ford and the cruel war were over, occurred the famous game of baseball with the Virginians. Eben, Guy Bancroft, Arthur Nazro, Henry Hayes, Allen Farmer, "Zip" Canterbury, Howard George, Ben Ticknor, and Walter Carl were our "colts"; and Sergeant Patten, sergeant of the guard, esteeming it his duty to maintain order, acted as umpire, armed with sabre, pistol, and pipe. The Virginian "fans" proclaimed loud and long that our pitchers, each and all, had "an eye like a niggar-boy! Make him put it thar!"

But our batters wielded the spare trail-handspike with effect, and Sergeant Patten smiled on us, and we won by a handsome score. Captain Parker is said to have been much pleased at our display of energy, after our "hiking."

In the evening the 16th Infantry band gave a concert, which many of us attended.

Saturday morning, September 10, we were ordered to the reviewing field at Wellington,

and, having left a detail behind to break camp and pack up, took our last view of the camp as we pulled out at eleven o'clock. After marching through the dust to the great field of the review, we were halted on a rise facing the grand stand, with the other batteries alongside. Here we wiped the last specks of dirt off carriage and harness, and watched the other troops advance and pass in review, colors flying and bands playing. Then our turn came, and following the regular batteries we crossed an ugly ditch, which the Virginians were sent around, formed order in line and did our little stunt, straight in our seats and eyes to the front.

Without halting, we then marched back to the railroad where we had detrained. We were soon joined by the camp detail, who had done their unpleasant task of filling sinks and policing so well that it was rumored that our ground was pointed out as a model. The horses and guns were on the train by five o'clock. Sergeant Rogers' mare had become so fond of the South — perhaps she was a blue-grass lady — that we almost despaired of persuading her to accompany us. Finally, after successfully resisting the charms of Dr. Foster's "Bonapartes," she was boosted up the run by Lieutenant Amory, who gallantly

allowed her to sit on his shoulder, while others wiggled her forefeet up the run.

In the dusk of the evening we were marched up the ties a short distance to the paymaster's tents, where we drew our five dollars and twenty cents ($5.20) or more for serving Uncle Sam, then back to bivouac beside the track, as our own cars were not in evidence.

Fortunately the night was clear, though cold, and a huge woodpile handy, and we slept, a picturesque Civil War group, wrapped in our overcoats, around fires, where we alternately froze and roasted, as the fires burned out and were renewed.

Sunday morning three "Jim Crow" cars arrived, and we started at half past eight for home. In Washington and Philadelphia we were besieged by boys and girls, begging cartridges such as had been distributed by preceding troops. The journey was similar to the down-trip, beguiled by cards, study of regulations (the exams. were still in the air), and travel-rations distributed in the same old style. Finally, late in the afternoon, we reached Jersey City, where, after considerable delay, we were again embarked on the City of Maryland.

On the voyage to Harlem the muse at-

"WHEN WE FIT FOR GENERAL GRANT"

tacked some of us, and the following songs were the result:—

(To the tune of "Drink, Puppy, Drink.")

1

Then here's to Battery A
And the war game that we play,
And here's to the captain and lieutenants.
For they needn't have a fear
That we'll toggle to the rear
As long as the limbers have their tenants.

CHORUS

Then fire! Sections fire!
Let every section fire
That's got ammunition in the limber!
From our service of the gun
You can see the squadrons run,
And the doughboys will take to the timber.

2

Here's to our Top-Serg.;
He isn't very large,
But sure he's worth his weight in guineas;
And the Stable Sergeant, too,
And his goatee-shaven crew;
And the Guidon, — he's got a load on.

3

Here's to Armorer George,
Who manipulates the forge,
And here's to his polish and his wrenches.

Here's to Fleming and Purcell;
We wish they were in hell
When they blow first call in the morning.

4

And here's to Uncle Dick,
Who feeds us mighty slick,
And the cook and the dirty kitchen detail.
There's another man, you bet,
Whom we surely can't forget,—
Little Eben, the commissary corporal.

(And to the tune of "Good-by, Bluebell.")

1

Hail, Massachusetts!
We're proud of thee;
You may depend
On your battery.
In every danger
We're at your call,
Ready to fight or
For thee to fall.

2

Farewell, Virginia,
Good-by to thee!
How sad we feel
To leave your battery!
Here's to your manager,
Pointdexter too;
If you had lost them
What in hell could you do?

3

Good-by, Manassas,
I'm nearly dead;
I will be dreaming
Of your dust so red;
Some nights were freezing,
Days hot as hell.
Thank God we're home again,
And all quite well.

4

Dear old Manassas
Taught us to show
We can drive anywhere
That doughboys can go,—
No woods too thick for us,
No hills too high,
No fords too deep for us
Or roads too dry.

In a drizzle we disembarked on the New York shore and took cars for Boston, where we arrived at five the next morning (Monday, September 12), after a night spent, like the former one, sleeping as best we could on the improvised berths.

We were quickly detrained and marched to the armory. Then followed the familiar unharnessing in the street, farewell to our Kenney and Clark comrades, running in of the carriages, and in the familiar old armory

we fell in, a "thin, blue line," tired, dirty, and sleepy. A few complimentary remarks from the Captain, and, at half past eight o'clock, "Sergeant, dismiss the Battery."

"DISMISSED!"

REPORT OF CAPTAIN HAAN, ARTILLERY CORPS, U. S. A., OF TOUR OF DUTY OF LIGHT BATTERY "A," FIELD ARTILLERY, M. V. M., AT MANASSAS, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1904

FIRST BATTERY MASSACHUSETTS FIELD ARTILLERY

1. *Equipment.* — 4 3.2-inch field guns with caissons and complete equipment of tools, harness, etc., all in serviceable condition.

2. *Instruction.* — The captain of this battery, Captain Parker, is an enthusiastic worker, and this spirit pervades all his officers and men, so far as inspection could reveal this characteristic.

All the enlisted men seemed to be fairly well instructed in their duties, and the non-commissioned officers understood the proper use of the sights and cutting of fuses. They were familiar with the different kinds of ammunition and its proper functions. The officers are all educated men, and appear to have the necessary qualities for developing in time such efficiency as is absolutely necessary for the successful handling of their organization in time of war.

3. *Horses.* — The horses are not owned by the battery, but are hired by the state one week each year. Captain Parker has succeeded in securing them from the same stable for some six years, and in a large per-

centage the same animals used in previous years. The horses are, therefore, in a measure accustomed to the work.

These horses are of the proper weight and conformation for the work required, and with proper care, which they seem to get, should stand the work of a campaign.

I can say unhesitatingly that this is the best militia field battery I have ever observed.

Private contributions have been made, I am told, toward the maintenance of this organization.

RÉSUMÉ. — It may be briefly stated that of the three field batteries reported upon, one is serviceable and could do effective work in a campaign. . . . It is evident from these reports that the First Massachusetts Battery is the only field battery that is suitably prepared either in equipment or instruction for field service.

It has been impossible to secure a copy of the report of Captain Herman C. Schumm, our umpire in the manœuvres, but, with his permission, extracts from a letter written by him from Fort Riley, Kansas, to Corporal Swaim on August 14, 1905, are given here:

"As you may know, I was very favorably impressed with your battery, and what I said of it may readily be placed where everybody can see it. . . . I considered your battery practically the equal of a regular battery. . . . I took a deep interest in the battery, felt as if I belonged to it, and learned some new things from the observations I made in the battery."

ROSTER

Captain ..... Samuel D. Parker.
1st Lieut. & Ass't Surgeon.. John W. Cummin.
1st Lieutenant ..... William Amory, 2d.
1st Lieutenant ..... Henry B. Sawyer.
2d Lieutenant ..... Arthur Blake.
1st Sergeant ..... Howard L. Rogers.
Quartermaster Sergeant .... Richard H. Weld, Jr.
Stable Sergeant ..... George H. D. Lamson.
Hospital Steward ..... John Mason Little, Jr.
Guidon Corporal..... Howard Snelling.
Cook ..... Eben B. Stanwood.
Artificer ..... George B. Thorpe.
Bugler ..... John T. Fleming.
Bugler ..... William Purcell.

FIRST SECTION	SECOND SECTION
Sergeant	*Sergeant*
Albert R. Whittier, Jr.	John H. Sherburne, Jr.
Gunner Corporal	*Gunner Corporal*
William Jason Mixter.	John E. Rousmaniere.
Caisson Corporal	*Caisson Corporal*
Samuel Huntington Wolcott.	Arthur F. Nazro.
Privates	*Privates*
Alvin V. Baird.	Lincoln Bryant.
Gorham Brookes.	Louis deP. Cole.

"WHEN WE FIT FOR GENERAL GRANT"

FIRST SECTION (*cont.*)

Ernest T. Gregory.
Lowell T. Hayden.
William James, Jr.
Arthur H. Morse.
Stephen H. Noyes.
Fisher H. Nesmith.
John Reece.
James A. Roberts.
Thomas Sanders, 2d.
Charles H. Schweppe.
George C. Shattuck.
Harold K. Wead.
Norton Wigglesworth.

SECOND SECTION (*cont.*)

Arthur Drinkwater.
Norman Fish.
Elijah Howard George.
Robert E. Goodwin.
Albert Ellis Harding.
Chandler Hovey.
Charles Jackson.
Robert A. Jackson.
Walter McK. Jones.
Charles E. Mason.
Mountford H. Smith.
Richard K. Thorndike.
Harrison B. Webster.
Alexander Whiteside.

THIRD SECTION

Sergeant

William S. Patten.

Gunner Corporal

Guy Bancroft.

Caisson Corporal

Roger D. Swaim.

Privates

Thomas P. Beal, Jr.
Owen Bryant.
Walter A. Carl.
Allen B. Farmer.
Albert T. Leatherbee.
Edward P. Lemon.
Charles G. Loring.
Lowell P. Macomber.
Walter S. Macomber.

FOURTH SECTION

Sergeant

Philip Putnam Chase.

Gunner Corporal

John C. Rice.

Caisson Corporal

Julian I. Chamberlain.

Privates

Percy C. Browne.
George W. Canterbury.
Burton S. Clark.
Earl E. Davidson.
Richard K. Hale.
Henry R. Hayes.
John P. Hill.
Amory Leland, Jr.
George W. Lindsay.

ROSTER

THIRD SECTION (*cont.*)

Clement R. Meier.
Alfred Y. Mitchell.
Francis W. Peabody.
William L. Raymond.
Benjamin H. Ticknor, Jr.
James E. Webster.

FOURTH SECTION (*cont.*)

Charles D. Morgan.
John G. Mudge.
Henry C. Nickerson.
Charles F. R. Ogilby, Jr.
Edward A. Watson.
Stephen E. Young.